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Approved For Release 2004/10/18 : CIA-RDP88-01350R000200420024-2
29 August 1976

Sexpionage

*The Exploitation of Sex by
Soviet Intelligence.*

By David Lewis.

Illustrated. 174 pp. New York:
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.
\$8.95.

By DONALD GODDARD

The apparent purpose of this skimpy little book is to warn patriots not to look for Reds under the bed but in it. According to David Lewis, those with access to information of interest to the Soviet Union now stand in serious danger of seduction by stunningly beautiful K.G.B. agents trained to please in all the erotic arts, no matter how perverse. Furthermore, resistance is useless. Using mind-bending drugs if necessary, the agents have ways of pulping the sternest moral fiber into helpless concupiscence, so that the victims of this Russian badger game may not even realize what has happened to them until presented next morning with a set of compromising photographs and an invitation to "cooperate"—the alternative being a free delivery service of prints to wives (or husbands), employers and appropriate government security agencies.

Though odious and reprehensible, sexually baited entrapment was an old ploy in Delilah's day, and there is no reason to suppose that the Rus-

slans have a monopoly on it. To sustain his thesis, the author has had to recycle all the press clippings he could find on Reds in bed and then space them out to something like book length with a lot of salacious speculation and knowing chat about microelectronic chip circuits, light-intensifying lenses and video-tape recorders.

Indeed, the only "fresh" material to be found in this gamy collage are the alleged confessions of a pseudonymous K.G.B. seductress who went to sex school and whose story may even be true, although its credibility is not helped by the author's continual carelessness over matters of detail, grammar and spelling, and his admitted reliance on unattributed hearsay. Certainly there is nothing in her revelations that could not have been cobbled up by any second-rate pornographer with a knowledge of already published sources.

No one seriously doubts that people can be blackmailed into spying, and it may happen more frequently than we like to think, but as Lewis concedes in his lumbering way: "No author in this minefield of potential fabrication can afford to ignore the extremely efficient disinformation services of intelligence organizations." For all we know, he may be an unwitting catspaw of Intourist, whose real purpose, behind all the titillating talk of two-way mirrors and accommodating chambermaids, is to lure jaded Western vacationers to swinging Moscow. ■